

At Sounion

of a morning woven over stone
I bump camera then smock.
We share a mist

wherein I must refuse, no
dreamy photographs desired: my-
self and nothing. Stavros, he

he of ghostly smock, is ticked at me.
It rises as a litany
to an imagined sun.

I jab along the slippery rocks
for cooler idioms,
finally to divine

lovers (Byron's one)
who have scratched their hearts to ruins.

Spooners weave through our academies
shunning all the moves to set

their dreaming steps to music
more appropriate.

Or so I later feel with ouzo
at the shivering cafe
before sun fairly rockets through

and temple can assert in flame,
informing wave on wave of rain
the wisdom of arrangement past
this opalescent glass.